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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 44 MONTREAL, OCTOBER 30, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Christian and Apollyon.

The operations of the Religious Tract Society as a Missionary Literature Society are as wide as the missionary work of all the Evangelical Societies. Wherever the missionary has gone with the Story of the Cross, there the literature of the Society has gone as an indispensable helper. It has published tracts and books in no fewer than two hundred and thirty-eight languages and dialects. In these languages it has issued tracts, cards, leaflets, texts and books of all sizes up to copies of the Annotated Paragraph Bible. The one book, 'par excellence,' which it has assisted to publish is 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and this it has helped to issue in ninety-three different languages and dialects.

One of the needs of the mission-field to-day is a very much larger amount of good, well written, well produced Christian literature. In this connection we may refer to a striking illustration of the recent development of Christian literature in the mission-field. In the early and in the middle stages of its history the Society had to illustrate its foreign publications with pictures drawn by English artists, but nowadays, when 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is put into Corean, or one of the Chinese dialects or Japanese, the English illustrations will no longer serve the purpose adequately. Consequently, for these books, pictures are now drawn by the native artists, in which Bunyan's characters, true to human nature the wide world over, appear in the Corean or the Chinese dresses. As an example of these we give an illustration from one of the pictures in the Japanese 'Pilgrim's Progress' in which it will be observed that all the details of the dress of Christian are Japanese, and Bunyan's idea is portrayed as it appears to the Japanese artist.—'Sunday at Home.'

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN JAPANESE.

Stories of Familiar Hymns.

'Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.'

Our wings grow out of our woes.
Standing for God is starting for glory.

Very few hymns have had so striking an origin as this. Its author, the Rev. George Duffield, D.D., was a pastor in Philadelphia during the great revival of 1858, which centred about the Noonday Prayer Meetings in Jayne's Hall. The meetings were under the charge of the Young Men's Christian Association and some clergymen who had joined with them. Among these were Dudley A. Tyng, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, who was really the leader, and Dr. Duffield.

The two clergymen were warm friends, and Dr. Duffield thought Mr. Tyng 'the manliest, bravest man' he knew. One Sunday Mr. Tyng preached to a great throng of men assembled in Jayne's Hall, and it is thought that not less than a thousand were then and there converted to Christ. On the following Wednesday Mr. Tyng, leaving his study for a moment, 'went to the barn floor, where a mule was at work on a horse-power machine shelling corn. As he patted the animal on the neck, the sleeve of his silk study-gown caught in the cogs of the wheel, and his arm was torn out by the roots. His death occurred in a few hours.' When dying, he sent a message to his friends, who had charge of the noonday meeting: 'Tell them to stand up for Jesus!' adding, 'Now let us sing a hymn.'

With his feelings deeply stirred by his friend's tragic death, Dr. Duffield wrought the dying message into these verses and used them as a concluding exhortation to the sermon he preached the following Sunday. The superintendent of his Sunday School, Mr. Benedict D. Stewart, had them printed on a fly leaf; they were copied by religious papers; they appeared in the Sabbath Hymn Book (Congregational) that same year, and in the Supplement to The Church Psalmist (Presbyterian) in the next year. The hymn became a favorite of the soldiers during the Civil War, and is now sung in churches and Sunday schools all over the land and in many foreign countries.

Doctor Duffield, to the end of his life, kept an ear of corn from that threshing floor hanging on the wall of his study in remembrance of Mr. Tyng. The hymn itself seems to echo his voice: 'Stand up for Jesus. Now let us sing a hymn.'

The Author of the Hymn.

George Duffield, the author of this hymn, was born at Carlisle in 1818, graduated from Yale College in 1837, and from Union Theological College in 1840. In the same

year he was married, ordained and installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. It was as pastor and preacher, rather than as scholar or man of letters, that Doctor Duffield spent his life. After leaving Brooklyn he was pastor of the First Church of Bloomfield, New Jersey, and then of the Central Church of the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia. Afterwards he was pastor at Adrian and Saginaw City, Michigan, and at Galesburgh, Illinois. His active service covered more than forty years. Dr. Duffield's last years were lived in Bloomfield, with his son, the Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, then a pastor there. The son, himself a poet, always recalled with pride that his hand had made the first 'fair copy' of his father's hymn for the press, and those who saw father and son together at Bloomfield still speak of the reverence and love with which that same hand supported the father's steps. But the son was first called, and the father followed on July 6th, 1888.

Doctor Duffield himself was a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He served so well and so long that at first thought it seems strange, even unjust, that he should now be remembered principally as the author of a hymn. But after all, such a hymn is the flower of a man's life, and holds the best he was and had. It is quite possible, too, that Doctor Duffield's hymn is the crown of his labors for Christ. He helped hundreds while he lived, but how many thousands have been encouraged and inspired by his brave song! —'War Cry.'

Religious News.

Two Hindus in high standing in South India have recently expressed in public their high opinion of the work done by Christian missions in India. At the jubilee meeting held some months since in recognition of the half-century of work done by Rev. F. W. N. Alexander, the speech of the Rajah of Badrechalam, who was present, contains these among other notable remarks:

The intellectual, moral, and, to some extent, the religious regeneration of India is due to mission bodies. All the educational development of the nineteenth century is, more or less, due to missionaries, some of whom are ideal Christians. More lies before them: the realization of India's hope is with them.

And again quite recently a Brahman official holding high office under the Myrose Government has entered the lists against a compatriot who had contended that Christian missionaries were exercising a pernicious influence on Hindu society by corrupting the simplicity of the lower classes. He said:

Missionaries do not mask their object in coming to India. It is avowedly to evangelize her children by conviction. They do not use force or compulsion. . . . Their colleges and high schools hold their own among the best in the land and some of the best among our men of light and leading are the 'alumni' of those institutions. . . . We ought always to look upon these unselfish workers as India's real friends.—C. M. S. Gleaner.

In the annual report of the German Mission to Blind Females in China, we find touching stories of blind Chinese girls, small and large, who found a home and Christian instruction in the home of the society which is located in Kanlun, opposite Hongkong. Fifteen new pupils were added during 1907 to the seventy who remained in the home at the close of 1906. Among these new pupils was little Shinlin, seven years of age. Her father brought her, his only child, and as he bade good-by to her the tears were running down his brown cheeks, for it was adieu probably for his life, since on the next day he and his wife intended to remove to Singapore. Soon after Shinlin, little five-year-old Atoi was brought by her mother. A few days before, the mother, who, seemingly with great love and tenderness, carried her little blind girl in her arms, had planned to drown her child.

Was she not blind, so that she would be a burden to herself, her mother, and all others all the days of her life? Was it not better to throw the helpless little child into the water and thus save her from further suffering? While the mother still hesitated with the carrying out of the plan which was dictated by heathen ignorance, but against which her mother-love rebelled, she heard of the German Home for Blind Girls. Quickly she decided to avail herself of the opportunity of providing for her blind girl, and with tears of gratitude in her eyes she gave her into the hands of the faithful deaconesses who are in charge of the work.

The report shows how glad these blind girls are to find a refuge, and how willingly they receive Christian instruction and accept Christ.

Work in Labrador.

S.S. 'Strathcona' at Sea,
September, 1903.

A fine day and a long steam round Lake Melville, Mr. Editor, has given me time to write out some of my correspondence, and so I am sitting in the chart house trying to send you a letter. The ship seems to us very quiet. His Excellency, Sir Wm. Macgregor, who has been helping us with chart making, has gone back. My volunteer secretary from Bowdoin University, has also left for law studies at Harvard. He has left a great gap, for all hands loved him. We have no in patients on hand, and our only 'extra' beside the assistant surgeon and myself, is a belated Methodist preacher, whom we are carrying to his winter quarters near the mill on Grand River. A fine sturdy fellow he is, a farmer by calling, full of the enthusiasm of youth and the love of a truly converted, unselfish man. The salmon fishery has failed in this bay this year, and fur was very scarce this winter, facts that are full of significance, when one remembers that these are the two sources of revenue for nearly everyone in the district. True, there is a large lumber mill at the end of the bay which gave employment enough to keep the wolf from the door to many of the settlers. But alas, they also have fallen on bad times and the fiat has gone out, to the utter dismay of all, that the mill will be closed down this winter. Thank God there is every prospect of re-opening in the spring, but I have been making notes all up to this long line of coast, and it is just impossible to see where the food is to come from now.

Trust is almost a dead dog now, simply owing to the accumulation of old debts, and already several families are in want, with a long winter before them. Unless fur is caught, a few seals killed, or 'something turns up,' the condition of many will be serious before we see them again. Micawberism as a philosophy may sound all very well, but as a practical working basis in Labrador, it has serious drawbacks. Thus when our young Methodist friend struck his district for the first time, he very soon realized that as his salary depends on his people, he would have to do much whistling before he could expect to see it. His own limited resources were not able to afford him luxuries, and he might have been justified in drawing back. But he is an Englishman—and his first act was to announce a big picnic or holiday at the point of land near where his summer rooms are. He wanted to gather together, get to know, and encourage his people. Now where picnics are common things, and Sunday School treats annual, if not biennial, this act would not have counted for a special act of advertisement of the Gospel, but I verily believe it is the first of its kind down in these parts, and it gave rise to an enthusiasm, similar to that created by a rag doll I once gave a little girl on the coast, who had never seen a toy of any kind in her life. There were rowing and running races, games and jollity, and in this year of leanness, strangest thing of all, unlimited 'figgy loaf,'—better known to us as currant buns,—and there was tea and real sugar. When it was all over everyone went away and felt that here was a man who would stand by you at a pinch. But few knew that it had cost him all his slender stock of winter luxuries, and set him free to share their lot more nearly.

Our last departure was a more or less interesting person also. An elderly spinster, small in stature, with the dark face of the Labrador settler, and hair as white as the arctic hare's, a most cheerful, energetic body, well off in her youthful days, but, alas, unmarried and getting along in years. In a country where there are no incomes from investments, this means absolute dependence in old age. To make matters worse cataract had come on in both eyes, and when I first picked her up last winter she was quite blind. She had been earning an humble living at the mill by sewing, taking in washing, and making skin boots for the lumbermen.

Dr. Stewart had operated on one eye last year with success, and this year I took her again to Indian Harbor Hospital, and on my return from the north found her able to read with strong glasses. Full of the joy of restored sight and anxious for the moment when she should display her newly acquired capacities to her friends, she came on board and we brought her as far as the Hudson's Bay Company post at Rigolet. As I landed her I noticed she had accumulated a queer assortment of luggage given her by the many friends among the poor folks around the hospital. Pathetic enough was one large empty tin, and a poor sack filled with things other people found useless. Most cherished of all were the two high power spectacles and the dark round goggles.

I had been to dinner ashore at the station, having enjoyed the first goose of the season, which we had purchased on the way up from a visitor to the 'Strathcona,' and was walking down to the boat. I found the little white-haired lady waiting for me on the platform beside her sack and empty tin. 'I wants to speak to you please, Doctor.'

'Well, what is it now?'

There was a tremble in her voice I had not noticed before: 'Please, Doctor, I don't know where to go to. They says the mill is broke up t'bay, and there will likely be no work to be had.' 'Oh, but you can go up to your friends?' 'Oh, Doctor, I has no friends as wants me—but I can work, you know.' As I looked at her diminutive little figure, she looked so prim and neat, that, with her white hair, she made me think so much of Mrs. Deland's 'Old Chester Folk,' I realized that she was not what you could call a commercial asset altogether, and that the poverty of the year would make her not a desirable acquisition in any home that would have to count her as another mouth to feed. For indeed her tin was but an empty one, her sack not convertible into carbohydrates even—much less hydrocarbons—and the little old lady seemed to have had her sight given back to her, only to have to look on a cold, unkind, world that would sooner have seen her out of it.

None are so good as the very poor in looking after the social derelicts, but there comes a time when you have your own family already on short rations to try and 'pull through' a Labrador winter unstarved. 'No one wants me,' she repeated, and I confess to feeling a sort of sinking feeling, for I had hoped that this 'case' had been nicely disposed of when she had her eyesight restored her. The puzzle was to know what to do next with 'Aunt Maggie.'

What would an undeniable missionary message be in this case?

(To be continued.)

Our Mail Bag.

Port Arthur, Ont.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Dear Sirs,—Would you please find enclosed forty cents for the 'Northern Messenger.' We have been without it for going on two years, and have been lost without it.

MRS. H. N. CAMPBELL.

From a western Sunday-school:—

The 'Northern Messenger' is much appreciated by all. I believe it is the best paper for Sunday-schools on the prairies, containing as it does so much helpful reading matter, while the strong stand it takes on temperance will make it a power for good in this new and growing province.

JOHN DAVIDSON,
Redvers, Sask.

[Cut this out and slip into next letter to that friend who has just gone west. It may mean much in the new home.]

Terrebonne, Que., May 18, 1908.

I am glad to be able to renew the subscription for ten copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' as I count the paper a very decided factor for good in the homes in which it circulates.

REV. H. C. WALSH,
Anglican Minister.

LESSON, SUNDAY NOVEMBER 8, 1908.

David Grieves for Absalom.

II. Sam. xviii., 24-33. Memory verse 33. Read II. Sam. 18.

Golden Text.

A foolish son is a grief to his father. Prov. xvii., 25.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 2.—II. Sam. xviii., 1-17.
Tuesday, November 3.—II. Sam. xviii., 18-33.
Wednesday, November 4.—II. Sam. xix., 1-15.
Thursday, November 5.—II. Sam. xix., 16-30.
Friday, November 6.—II. Sam. xix., 31-43.
Saturday, November 7.—II. Sam. xx., 1-13.
Sunday, November 8.—II. Sam. xx., 14-26.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

We were studying a story last Sunday and we stopped in the middle of it. It was about a king who lived a great many years ago, and about a very handsome prince who was as bad as he was handsome. We learnt how this wicked prince rebelled against the king, his father, and got a great many people to follow him. Who knows the names of the king and the prince? Yes, David and Absalom. Did Absalom rebel against David because David was unkind and cruel to him? No, for David loved his son very dearly and let him always have anything he asked for. Now, however, he wanted to be king instead of his father, and where our lesson left off last Sunday was where he was proclaimed king by the people that followed him. David and all those who still loved and served him hurriedly went away from Jerusalem because David was afraid Absalom would come and destroy the city if he remained there, and so cause a great deal of suffering. There were a great many sad things that happened to David while he was hurrying away from his wicked son, but also he found that there were a great many people who loved him still and were anxious to help him all they could. (II. Sam. xv., 19-23; xvii., 27-29). One of his friends stayed in Jerusalem and sent David news of all that Absalom was planning, so David knew when his son and that army with him were coming up to fight against David. He had had to hurry over the river Jordan and was staying at a city not far from some rather thick woods, and near here the two armies met in the battle that comes into the story to-day.

FOR THE SENIORS.

David certainly experienced the ways of meanness as much as any man. In the depths of his sorrow and bitterness over his much loved son's ingratitude, he is met by Ziba (II. Sam. xvi., 1-4) who does not spare to add to the broken-hearted king's distress the false story of Mephibosheth's desertion. Ziba had his own interests at heart and so could make the king's misery a rung in his own ladder to success. He could moreover use his master's goods to secure David's favor. Shimei the Benjamite followed up this with his curses (II. Sam. xvi., 5-13). But there was a bright as well as a dark side to David's troubles, and he found out in this trial what strong and sturdy friends he had. The story of his flight from his son is full of incident. In fact, the whole story of Absalom's rebellion is replete with interest. Characters come out here wonderfully. Absalom's utter heartlessness at the thought of David's death (II. Sam. xvii., 2, 4) is in strong contrast to David's yearning love and care (II. Sam. xviii., 5) for his son. Joab's harshness and impatience are evident in verse eleven where he curtly mocks his informant. Yet he could be patient with the persistence of Ahimaaz as he evidently cared for the young athlete, the warlike son of the high priest who so much loved David. The persistence of Ahimaaz is of interest as it was evidently due to his love for David. He felt that he could tell the king the news in such a way as to prepare him for Absalom's death. He knew this would grieve David, and indeed, had no intention of telling that part of the news at all (verse 29), but he could remind the king that the victory was from God, and in his eagerness, in spite of the delay in setting out, he arrived first before David. The trained runner, the Cushite servant, did not have his feet winged with love. The relationship of the various prominent figures in this history should be noted. Joab and Abishai, two of David's generals were his nephews, sons of his sister Zeruiah, and Amasa, Absalom's general, was the son of another sister Abigail (I. Chron. ii., 13-17), so that Joab and his brother, Amasa and Absalom were all first cousins. Joab cared nothing for the relationship, however, when he found that Amasa stood in his way (II. Sam. xx., 8-10). David never seems to have forgotten that Joab was accountable for Absalom's death (I. Kings ii., 1, 5, 6). After the battle he degraded his disobedient general and exalted above him the rebellious Amasa (II. Sam. xix., 13). Joab was fearless and brave; his treatment of David as though the king were a spoilt child (II. Sam. xix., 5-7), was justly deserved by David, but showed the nephew's utter disregard of diplomacy. But he was a crafty and cruel man of whom David seems to have stood in awe; very probably David's having used Joab as an accomplice in that dark hour of his sin against Uriah, kept the king somewhat in subservience to his overbearing general. At any rate, there was no love lost between the king and his greatest general of whom he often spoke bitterly. At the last, during the dying days of David, Joab sought to continue his power with a new king in aiding the rebellion of Adonijah, but was slain at the order of Solomon shortly after. David's love for his sons was of the deepest. His lament over Absalom has never lost its pathos. It is echoed by many a father to-day, and in many cases the sorrowing father could find the early indulgence of his children at the root of his trouble as surely as it was at the root of David's. More than blind love is required in the training of children.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'Sowing and Reaping.' "'It is a law of the harvest that we reap more than we sow.' Then how careful ought we to be of the seed we are sowing day by day, if we would reap a rich harvest of golden grain for the Master. Very much depends upon the manner in which the seed is sown, and the fertility of the soil to receive the seed, that it may take deep root and spring up and remain productive. In nature, like produces like, often in manifold ratio. In grace the seed sown sprang up and brought forth some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold. Are we sowing constantly what it will be our joy and pleasure to reap in the vast eternity that lies before us all?"—The Christian.

Absalom from out the far-off past is still pointing our modern youth to certain great lessons his career teaches us:

(1) 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

(2) The success of the wicked is short, and then he is like chaff which the wind bloweth away. 'Not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.'

(3) Sin is sometimes attractive at first, but at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

(4) The way to true success is not through disobedience to parents.

(5) No failure is so terrible as the failure of a life; no ruin like the ruin of a soul.

(6) The death of the wicked is lighted by no ray of hope.

(7) They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind.

Says an old writer: 'As Noah was drunk with his own wine, Goliath beheaded with his own sword, the rose destroyed by the canker bred in itself—so are we undone by ourselves. The bitter waters of Meribah and of Marah, that we drink so deep of, are of our mingling and embittering; the rods that scourge us are of our own making; sin, like a friar, whips itself. We may thank our own folly for our own bane.'

On the other hand, one of the strongest reasons why a parent should be good is that he may influence his child in the right direction.

David's question, 'Is the young man safe?' every parent and every friend of young men should ask. Is the young man safe from intemperance, from bad companions, from bad books, from dishonest conduct, from bad habits? Is he safe in Jesus Christ? Is he safe in a good home and among good influences? Is he safe for this world? Is he safe for eternity? Ask yourself, also, what you are doing to make him and keep him safe.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

'How a Young Man may be Safe.' Jesus Christ, that young man who knew young men, said a young man may do what he pleases. He said to Peter: 'Simon, to-day you can follow Me or not; you can feed My lambs or not; by and by it will be different.' You are free to-day. You young men are not even committed to any profession, or if you are you can easily shift it off. I have chosen and can not change. When you put the seed underground and it gets to be along in September you must abide the harvest, but in March you can put in any seed that you please. Young men, you have your life before you with all its glorious opportunities. Be sure you choose rightly. Take a grip upon manhood, modest, heroic, and being great enough to do that, settle firmly back. A Christian is Christ's knight. As He believes, I will believe; what He demands, I will do; what He promises, I will trust. I pledge myself to this and with this I begin, and I will go on to the end.—Alexander Mackenzie, in 'Northfield Echoes.'

The best safeguard of a young man is a perfectly open and affectionate relation to his parents.—Le Baron R. Briggs.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 8.—Topic—Commending our Society. V. By missionary and evangelistic zeal. Matt. xxii., 1-10.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, November 2.—The commandment given. Deut. vi., 4-7.

Tuesday, November 3.—What God requires. Deut. x., 12, 13.

Wednesday, November 4.—The one God. I. Cor. viii., 5, 6.

Thursday, November 5.—God's command to us. Micah vi., 8.

Friday, November 6.—To walk in His ways. Deut. v., 32, 33.

Saturday, November 7.—To love the Lord your God. Deut. xi., 13-15.

Sunday, November 8.—Topic—The greatest commandment. Matt. xxii., 35-40.

'I shall leave my camel untied,' said an Arab once to Mahomet, 'and trust to Providence.' 'Tie it up tight,' said Mahomet; 'and then trust to Providence.' So you that say, 'I will pray and trust my church, or my class, or my work to God's goodness,' may rather hear the voice and wisdom which says: 'Do thy best; work as if all rested upon thy toil; as if thy own arm would bring salvation.'—Spurgeon.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

SPLENDID VALUE.

If you've not been taking the 'Weekly Witness' or the 'Canadian Pictorial,' try both to Jan. 1. 1909, for only 35 cents. It's a bargain!

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Zaida Wright and Ruby McLeod, S.B., Ont., write asking how to join the R. L. of K. All you need to do is to copy out the pledge as given above, sign it with your name and address and send it to us; copy one out for yourself, too, and keep it where you can see it. It is not necessary to wear the little bow that is suggested as a badge, but anyone may do so who likes, and it is very easy to make up such a little double bow of purple and white ribbon. We do not supply these little bows as two of our correspondents ask, but will consider that and another suggestion which comes from a grown-up friend of the League in P.L.N., N.B. These suggestions all show the interest that is taken in the League, and we are glad to have them. Hazel B. Lutes, S.M., N.B.; Jennie E. Milton, S.M., N.B.; Myrtle Hicks, N.B., Ont., and Stella M. McReish, Grace A. Hamilton, W. Wendall Thompson, Alice R. Thompson, and Bessie Norton, all of P.L.N., N.B., are others who send in their names as wishing to join the League.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Bicycle.' Willie Cumming, V.P., Que.
2. 'Pitcher and Table.' Adaline Lucila Sheffield (age 10), C., Ont.
3. 'A Big Race.' John Paton (age 11), Montreal.
4. 'Bobbie and his Pets.' Vera Hetherington (age 8), C., N.B.
5. 'House.' Robbie T. Trueman, T., N.S.
6. 'Little Lorun.' Clarence Fulland, V. P., Que.
7. 'Looking-glass.' Beatrice Downing, E., N.B.
8. 'Plant.' Kathleen Downing, E., N.B.
9. 'The Factory.' R. Cumming (age 11), V.P., Que.

D. M., Quebec.

Dear Editor,—As this is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' it will not be a lengthy one. I live on a farm of nine hundred acres. There is a large pond right near our door which is a mile in length and about a quarter of a mile wide, we have a large boat and we all enjoy boating very much. I had three canaries and one a very good singer, but the singer killed one of the others. Well, I think my letter is getting too long, so I will close with a puzzle: ——et.

BeD.

HILDA DENISON.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I send my many thanks for the beautiful Bagster's Song Primer Bible which I received last week. It was certainly worth the work of getting subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger.' Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. George Graham were here on the twenty-third of September. We had a grand day and a large number of people came to hear the great men. This is the first letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' I have two brothers and one sister, one of my brothers being in heaven. I have a cat for a pet. I think the Royal League of Kindness is a very grand idea. I am sending my pledge with this letter. There are six churches, five hotels, three factories, public library, a large post office, and a grist mill in C. We go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School.

M. JENNIE MARTIN.

S. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my very first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am eleven years of age. I live just a little way from the village of S. M., on a hill called Grange Hill. I have two brothers and two sisters, one sister is nineteen and the other is only three months old. I go to school.

VERA H. BRADSHAW.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday School, and think it is a fine paper. I have never written to it before, but when I saw of your Royal League of Kindness, I felt prompted to become a member as it is a splendid plan, and the originator deserves to be congratulated.

ETHEL KERR.

B., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I get it at Sunday School. I like to read it very much, especially the correspondence page. I have three brothers and one sister. I am eleven years old and am in Grade five.

HAZEL SHAW.

E., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and a brother. We live in a little village and it takes us fifteen minutes to walk from our place to the depot. There was a large number of people at the fair. A moose passed by our house lately, right through our garden.

BEATRICE DOWNING.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a little over a year. My teacher was very sick but she is a little better now, and I hope she will soon be quite better. I have written three letters, and this is my fourth letter I have written. One of my aunties has been visiting us for about a month and a half. From your little friend,

ADALINE LUCILA SHEFFIELD.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. Our family has taken the 'Messenger' for many years, in fact as long as I can remember. I like it very much, especially the correspondence page, which is so very interesting. For pets I have a pony, a dog, a cat, and two other horses, a teddy bear, an eskimo doll, and six other dolls. I am in the senior third class at school. As this is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' I must close now and not make it too long. I think the Royal League of Kindness is just a splendid society.

F. V. P.

S.P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years of age and am in the fourth class at school. I have just written to yet you know that I was at the Tercentenary in Quebec this year, and saw all the people like they were three hundred years ago. We have a little over a mile to go to church and school. I will close wishing the 'Messenger' good success.

MAGGIE M. ALDCORN.

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen no other letters in the 'Messenger' from B., I thought I would write one. I am going to school and am in Grade five. We were living in Ontario and we just came up west last year. I like this place very much. We are just half a mile from the village. I haven't missed a Sunday from Sunday School since I came out west. I will close for now.

MARY A. TENNANT.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time and like it very much. I have four sisters and two brothers. I saw in the 'Messenger' about the Royal League of Kindness and I would like to join it, so I thought I would write a small letter to the 'Messenger.' This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.'

LAURA O. ATKINSON.

[You forgot to send the answer with your riddle, Laura, so it had to be left out. Ed.]

E., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have the 'Messenger' given to us and we like it very well. I am nine years old and in the fourth Grade at school. We like our master at school very well. Good-bye.

KATHLEEN DOWNING.

P. M., C.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many letters in your paper, I thought I would write one. I have been getting the 'Messenger' for about three years, and I like to read the Little Folks' page very much. There is a new mine starting near our place now. I go to school every day. My schoolmates are Mary McLeod and Mamie Nicholson. I think this letter is long enough.

SADIE B. NICHOLSON.

B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and one sister. We live on a farm, and have two horses. I have a dog and his name is Bouser. I have a mile and a half to go to school. I am in the fifth Grade.

J. PERLEY GRAHAM.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for four years, I get it from the Knox Sunday School. The Saugeen River runs through our town. We have the C. P. R. and G. T. R. in W. I am glad to join the Royal League of Kindness.

MATILDA J. CAEN.

THOSE NEW WATCHES.

Although we have been offering a watch for selling copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' since that publication was first started, the greatest interest is being shown in our new watch offer. Besides the plain nickel watch we give for selling 20 copies, we now offer a plain gunmetal watch for selling 24, or a gunmetal watch with Canadian souvenir design in colored enamel on the back for selling 28 copies at 10 cents. We hope to give pictures of these watches shortly. The October Number is going rapidly. Orville Tuck, Ont., in sending in his returns for them, says: 'They sold in almost no time.' We can still supply old or new boys with a package of October issue. The fine picture of King Edward on the cover makes everybody want one. If you've not sold before, write to-day for some. Remember! this is a fine way to earn Christmas gifts, and have them by you when the time comes. Lots of things to choose from besides the watches. Let us send you a package to start on, and a full list of premiums.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, corner St. Peter and Craig streets, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Sowing and Reaping.

(Josephine Pollard.)

What we sow
Will surely grow,
Though the harvest may be slow!
It may be
We shall see
Fruitage in eternity
From some deed
Dropped, like seed,
For a soul that was in need.

Let us strive,
While we live
Worthy things to do and give;
Striving still
With good will
Empty granaries to fill.
For what we sow
Will surely grow,
Though the harvest may be slow!

—Selected.

Undigested Pleasures.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'The Advance.')

'What did you say?' asked the deaf old lady, catching hold of Elizabeth's skirts, as she was hurrying past. 'He isn't going to die, is he?'

'No—the little glutton,' said Elizabeth. 'It's simply a case of undigested food, and he'll be all right to-morrow. That is, if he doesn't overeat again before that time.'

'What did you say?' asked the old lady, and Elizabeth raised her voice to repeat her statements.

'I thought the way he carried on in the night he must be going to die,' said the old lady in a relieved tone. 'It's too bad he overeats, but he's only a lad, and may not know any better.'

'Even a boy ought to learn by experience,' said Elizabeth, as the old lady still clung to her dress. 'He's had three attacks just like this since he came, and he ought to know better by this time, if his mother hasn't any control over him.'

They were on the porch of a big summer cottage—a cottage where the owner took roomers—and the old lady had arrived only the evening before. Being deaf, she did not hear the small talk of the place, and she was eager to know about the condition of the sick boy who had groaned so loudly as to awaken even her in the night. Elizabeth was waiting for a party of friends to go for a boating trip, so she sat down near the old lady out of pity, and because she did not like to ask to be released.

'Yes, but as long as older folks don't learn by experience, you ought to have some charity for boys,' persisted the old lady, glad of a chance to talk to some one. 'I've seen grown people who had no more sense than to make gluttons of themselves, though they knew they would suffer for it.'

'Oh, yes!—drunkards and people whose appetites control them, said Elizabeth, 'but not sensible people.'

Just then there was a commotion in the dining-room, and through the open windows floated the sound of the sick lad's voice: 'I will have cake for breakfast. I'd like to know how a fellow is to enjoy himself if he can't have anything to eat. I don't care if I am sick!'

'Ready for the boat-ride, Elizabeth?' called a gay voice. 'We have to go down for some things at the store, and we'll come for you presently. I'm dead tired from yesterday, but I have to keep moving, I suppose.'

'I'm tired myself,' confessed Elizabeth, 'but that's what we are here for. I could hardly hold my eyes open at the party last night, but I drank some strong coffee this morning, and that will help me through the day.'

'More hot biscuits, Sarah!' came a voice from the dining-room.

'I just wish I had the bringing up of Freddie,' said Elizabeth to the old lady when her friends had gone on. 'I'd enjoy putting him on bread and water until he came to his senses.'

'That would be a good plan,' said the old lady, musingly. 'You said a few minutes ago, dear, that sensible people did not make gluttons of themselves, but I've seen lots of folks who call themselves sensible act worse than that poor child in the dining-room. We have a young girl in our neighborhood who thinks nothing but having a good time, until her life is clogged with undigested pleasures. She has no time to help her mother, no time for church-work, no time to attend Sabbath-school—no time for anything but pleasure. And she isn't happy either. She rushes from one thing to another, and suffers from social indigestion constantly. She pities the girls who go out only one evening in the week, and have to help with the work at home, but they have keener appetites than she has for pleasures. She always says, "I will never be young but once," when one warns her, and she actually thinks she is having a fine time.'

The old lady paused to count her stitches, and Elizabeth looked at her keenly. For a moment she thought the old lady must mean her, but she remembered she had arrived only the evening before, and had never heard of such a person as Elizabeth Manton before. Swiftly the tasks she had shirked, the Sabbath-school class she had given up, the neglected work in her home, and all the things left undone to rush about feverishly from one pleasure to another rose up like ghosts to prove the old lady's statement. Her face was scarlet, but her decision was quickly made.

'Come on, Elizabeth!' called a score of merry voices through the grove. 'The boat is ready.'

'I'm not going,' called back Elizabeth. 'Mamma isn't feeling well this morning, and I'll stay with her to do the work in our room. Don't wait.'

Then she added to the old lady as they moved on without her: 'A little work may help me to get rid of my undigested pleasures.'

'I wouldn't wonder,' said the old lady brightly. 'It wouldn't surprise me in the least.'

Alta's Lending Shop.

(By Julia H. Johnson, in the 'Presbyterian.')

'How many plans I had that were upset when I was,' sighed Alta, rubbing a badly-sprained knee, resulting from a tumble. 'All my work was running-about work, and not the sitting-still kind,' she went on, pouring her woes into mother's sympathetic ear. 'I really meant to be very helpful to everybody, but now I shall only be a burden to others.'

'Nothing is a burden which we love to do,' comforted the mother, 'and we shall all be glad to take steps for you—lending legs instead of hands, since you still have good use of your hands. Never mind the plans that have to go, daughter. Some new ones will come.'

It was a very large household, and there was plenty for all to do, even down to the youngest. Alta felt keenly this laying aside from her share of the activities at home, at school and everywhere.

The studies went on very well, but Alta groaned inwardly over being fastened to one spot, as she was, when she knew there was much to do in many places.

But as the days went by, her cheerful corner (for she kept the Grumbles at bay and entertained the Smiles) became a place of resort for the rest of the big family, and soon she noticed that they began to expect her to have all manner of things by her, ready to produce at call. When anything was brought her, she made a place for it, and kept it in its place, so that when one and an other called for this and that, Alta was prompt in handing it over. Her wits being sharpened by being obliged to use them in all sorts of contrivances, it finally dawned upon the crippled girl that she might make more of a business of 'keeping things handy,' as she expressed it. She gradually accumulated a great variety of conveniences about her, pins and needles, patches of every sort, pieces of all descriptions, buttons, tapes, scissors, screwdriver, file, and every imaginable thing of this sort, too numerous to mention. Even towels, handkerchiefs, dusting-cloths, pens, pencils, writing-pads and erasers were added to the collection, for which Alta had convenient boxes, pushed under her couch within easy reach. By this time she had given a name to her occupation.

'I have established a lending shop,' she declared. 'Whoever needs any of my stores may come and borrow on condition that all returnable things be returned so that the next borrower may have the use of them.'

As the injured member grew more comfortable (for it was a bad hurt), Alta began to exercise her ingenuity more and more in doing helpful things for others, and they found that she was always ready to 'lend a hand' upon occasion. Many were the stitches she took and the emergencies she met with busy hands, while the cut fingers of the little ones were tenderly bound up, and their woes mollified with sympathetic words meanwhile. The simple household remedies for common ills and ails somehow found their way to Alta's corner and were speedily available for all occasions. And the way she 'lent her ears' to all manner of confidences was wonderful.

The verdict of the household was: 'We did not know what we missed before Alta's lending shop was established, but now we would not know what to do without it. She will have to keep on with it or we shall be lost.'

'After all,' was Alta's own reflection, 'the sitting-still-kind of work may be about as useful as the running-about-sort. Anyhow, as it is the only kind that I can do now, I'll do it with my might. How thankful I am to be able to help a bit, even when, as grandmother says, "My strength is to sit still."'

His Own Chain.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. It is told of a famous smith of medieval times that, having been taken prisoner and immured in a dungeon, he began to examine the chain that bound him, with a view to discover some flaw that might make it easier to be broken. His hope was vain, for he found, from marks upon it, that it was of his own workmanship, and it had been his boast that none could break a chain that he had forged. Thus with the boy who does what he knows is wrong: his own hands have forged the chain that binds him, a chain which no human hand can break.—Selected.

Work Heartily.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

—Longfellow.

Mildrid's Offering.

There is no use, Mildred, I can't take my part, that's all. You know every one of the girls will have white dresses and—'

'But June, you have the longest and nicest part of any, and you recite so well, dear. We must arrange it someway.'

The two girls walked slowly from Sunday School. The various classes had been earnestly rehearsing for the entertainment, and June Hamilton had been chosen from Miss Gray's class of girls to give a recitation and also to take a prominent part in a dialogue. She had taken the work gladly and happily until the subject of dresses came up and she learned that all of the girls were to dress in white.

There were six little folks in the Hamilton cottage and many uses for the little money which found its way into the purse of June's mother.

June had not even dared to hint that she

wanted a white dress. Her pink chambrey had been new the summer before, and her mother had said that by letting down the tucks and facing it around the bottom, it would do nicely for that summer. June was not selfish and was more than willing to do her part in carrying the burdens, but when she thought of the other girls in their new gowns, her heart was heavy. It would never do for her to take her place in among the others on the platform dressed in her pink gown, a spot in a line of pure white. In spite of all she could do the tears would come.

Mildred, her younger sister, tried to comfort her. Mildred was always the comforter of all the ills in the little household, and June was her idol. She was very proud of her pretty sister and wanted more than anything else that she should speak at the exercises. But it was puzzling to know how a white dress could be found among all the necessities of the family.

'It will come out right somehow, June, I just know it will,' and long after June had sobbed herself to sleep, Mildred laid wide awake thinking and planning.

'I'll just do it,' she said softly to herself and then went to sleep feeling hopeful and assured that things would work out for the best in some way.

Everybody said that Old Mr. Peabody was as cross as two sticks and most of the children felt afraid of him. He did not seem friendly to anyone, but lived alone with his old servant, Nannie, who was as black as Mr. Peabody looked sour. Early one morning, Mr. Peabody was working in his strawberry patch when he was startled by a sweet little voice saying cheerily: 'Good morning, Mr. Peabody, I have come to see you on business.'

The old gentleman turned quickly and looked straight into the rosy face and pretty brown eyes of Mildred Hamilton.

'Well, well, well! What business have you with me, my dear!' he asked pleasantly.

Mildred could hardly believe her ears when he spoke to her so kindly and her courage rose to the point of talking. 'Wouldn't you like to hire me to help you pick your berries?' she asked politely, then forgetting that he was 'Old Mr. Peabody, the cross old man,' she just up and told him all about it, of June and the Children's Day entertainment, the white dresses and everything.

'So you wish to work and earn money by picking my berries, to buy a new dress for June? You are surely an unusual little girl and I think I like you.'

That afternoon Mr. Peabody made a call at the cottage and the result was that Mildred was engaged to come to his house each morning and evening and help Mr. Peabody with his garden. Mildred and her mamma planned that they would not tell June anything about the new dress that was surely coming, but June thought that Mildred was surely coming to 'help out' at home.

Mildred found her work as pleasant as could be. 'Why, mamma,' she said the first evening, 'Mr. Peabody works with me all of the time. We pick berries awhile and then he showed me how to cut his roses for him and let me arrange some in vases for his library. Why he is the very nicest old gentleman I ever knew.'

Mildred did not know that Mr. Peabody found real joy in having the cheery little girl in his berry patch, and he liked to stay there as long as she did. Mildred was unconsciously bringing sunshine into a lonely life and doing real home missionary work at the Peabody homestead.

'Isn't it a beauty!' Mildred said, her eyes dancing with delight as June held up the pretty white dress.

'How did you ever do it?' she said tenderly as her mother looked in at the door.

'It is Mildred's gift, not mine,' and she stroked Mildred's bright curls lovingly. Then June understood why Mildred had been working in Mr. Peabody's garden, and she gave her little sister the most startled and surprised look, while Mildred just clapped her hands for joy. It was Children's Day morning and the whole world seemed full of gladness. The birds had never sung more sweetly and the flowers nodded and bowed to the breezes as they blew in at the windows of the church.

Yes, Mr. Peabody was there. He had stopped that morning at the little cottage and asked if he might walk along to church with Mildred and June. Everyone was greatly surprised to see him there and no one wondered at it more so than himself. While June was speaking, Mildred's little hand crept into his and a new joy made its way into Silas Peabody's heart.

The entertainment was the very nicest one the school had ever given and June Hamilton was the prettiest girl in the class. Every one was happy, but no one knew the joy of self-sacrifice as did Mildred, and she whispered to Mr. Peabody, 'It really is more blessed to give than to receive, isn't it?' and he wondered if he had not missed something himself.—'Union Gospel News.'

The Court of Regarders.

(Mrs. C. F. Frazer, in the American 'Messenger.')

It is so long since Robin Hood and his Merrie Men roamed through Sherwood forest that a picturesque interest has attached itself to the members of that band of marauders. Surely never before or since has there been so gallant and attractive a brigand as the illustrious Robin, who justified himself by explaining that he robbed only the rich who could well afford to part with a portion of their wealth that he might be able at all times to befriend the poor and destitute. Certain it is that he had the love of the common people of those troublous and adventurous times and that his woodland feasts at which juicy haunches of roast venison made good cheer, were shared by many willing guests who had never donned the mossgreen garb of his followers.

What was once Sherwood forest is now part of the district known as The Dukeries—a beautiful country side where the land holdings of three of England's wealthy noblemen unite. Here broods of carefully preserved pheasants still hide among the bracken and tame deer stray sometimes from their homes in the shady glades across the modern driveways which open the storied wood to the sightseer of to-day.

A gnarled stout-trunked oak with spreading branches is pointed out as the tree under which Robin met his counsellors and a crystal spring at which he doubtless quaffed before winding the silver horn with which he summoned his men still bears his name. There is indeed a curious local pride in everything connected with the life of this chief of outlaws, and until a few years ago, when the research of the district historians was given permanent printed form, a most interesting custom was in vogue.

Once in every three years the Court of Regarders was summoned. It consisted of the clergymen and antiquarians of the neighborhood, as many of the older men of the place as could be got together and the small boys of the village schools. Then off to the wood, for the most part on foot, would this strangely constituted court go, making the rounds of the ancient landmarks and repeating the ancient legends.

A dispute arose one day between two white-headed grandsires as to the name once given to a purling brook at a turn where it suddenly became a miniature lake.

'I'm sure o' the noime, for I were tossed into't and paddled about like a water rat,' said he of the more bowed frame in the peculiar dialect of Yorkshire.

His argument was taken as conclusive by the entire court and was particularly appreciated by the small boys of the party who at that very moment were learning landmarks in the same impressive way by being pushed into brooks or having their heads bumped against historic trees.

Boys have retentive memories, and the idea of including them in the party was that the morning's lessons might be handed down by each to his children's children—a theory well borne out by the lively recollection of him who had once paddled about like a water rat.

Quite often American boys find themselves unwilling members of a Court of Regarders, and unlike the English boy who esteems his membership a precious privilege, they are apt to rebel at the necessary rules and to make a downright fuss over unexpected splashes of water or the aches consequent on bumped heads. Every assemblage of older wiser people is just such a court, and the boy who enters into the spirit of the gathering and keeps his ears and eyes well open will learn much that is valuable about the great forest of life in which he will soon have to be making his way. The older folk know the main paths leading to honor, fame and rightly acquired wealth. They know the snares and pitfalls of the byroads, they know also the winding, hidden paths which in time emerge from forest gloom into the open sunlight. All this and a thousand things even more important may the boy have for the hearing and the pondering.

The conditions of the court are not hard—a little plain speaking, a metaphorical dousing with cold water, or a figurative knock on the head will only serve to impress lessons which will last a lifetime—will perhaps even last from generation to generation—lessons which in after years the boy will remember as vividly as did the old Yorkshireman the day on which he had made the forest rounds as one of the Court of Regarders.

Tom Stood By, Ready.

(By E. A. B., in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.')

'Gentlemen of the Jury, what is your verdict?' said Tom, in the most solemn tone he could command.

The jury was composed of his three little sisters, ranged in a row in front of him, and the prisoner, a wooden doll, with lovely red cheeks and black eyes, was propped up against the paling of the field, and was staring at Tom with a singularly unconcerned countenance.

Cherry, the eldest girl, was foreman of the jury, and I am sorry to tell you that she had been instructed 'beforehand' by Tom as to what verdict was to be returned, so she stood up, and said respectfully—

'Please, sir, ——'

'Your Lordship,' corrected Tom.

'Please, Your Lordship,' repeated Cherry, 'we find the prisoner guilty!'

'But she didn't mean any harm,' eagerly put in Joan, the youngest child, who hardly liked, even in play, to hear her old Sarah found guilty.

'Be quiet, Joan,' said Tom, trying to frown, though somehow his face could not look anything but happy and good-tempered. 'You must not interrupt the Court. Hold up the prisoner, Lucy; I am going to pass sentence,' and so saying he drew out of the pocket of his white duck trousers a black silk handkerchief, previously folded into a flat sort of cap, and putting it on his head he stood up, and looking hard at the unfortunate prisoner, he began: 'Sarah Wood——' At this point Cherry giggled, for she was not prepared for Sarah's surname, and 'it was so clever of Tom,' she whispered to Lucy, 'to find a name that just suited.'

'Silence!' shouted Tom, and began once more.

'Sarah Wood, this honorable Court has found you guilty of deserting from your regiment, and of wearing the—the—the contemptible clothes of everyday life, and the sentence of the Court is, that you be blown from the gun when the stable clock strikes twelve. "Quod erat demonstrandum."'

Tom sat down, and Cherry looked at him in unfeigned admiration, thinking how very learned he must be to be able to rattle off Latin like English.

Joan, however, gave a little gasp of dismay at the sentence. It is true her dolls were accustomed to somewhat harsh treatment at Tom's hands, for they had most of them been hung, for instance, but as they were little the worse for it, she never objected to the proceeding. 'But to be blown from the guns; from Tom's new cannon! that was another thing,' thought little Joan, rather gravely. 'How could any doll live through that?' She really must try and beg Sarah off.

'Tom,' she said, pleadingly, 'I really don't think poor Sarah is so much to blame; she was at the bottom of the toy cupboard when you said all the dolls were to be soldiers, and wear red trousers, so she could not have

heard you, and we forgot her when we dressed up the others.'

'I feel for the prisoner,' said Tom, in a calm, judicial tone, 'but I can now do no more. She was found guilty; the jury did not recommend her to mercy, and the law must take its course. You see, Joan,' he continued, dropping his judicial tone, 'at these times, when Bony may land on our shores any day, we must be severe with deserters, otherwise I might only have sentenced her to be imprisoned; but it's a quick and painless death.'

'It's all right, Joan,' whispered Cherry, seeing her little sister look puzzled and distressed; 'Tom never does hurt the dolls, you know; he's sure to find out some plan of saving Sarah. Perhaps he will tell Lucy or me

Just now all Tom's plans had a military flavor, for it was early in the present century, and all England was then preparing to repel the expected invasion of the great Napoleon, who was overrunning Europe, and had changed the government of every kingdom with the exception of our own little island.

So while the sergeant in the barracks at the neighboring county town was drilling the farm lads, and endeavoring to get them to change their slouching walk for a martial bearing, Tom, of course, must drill his little sisters in the home field, and he spent all his pocket-money on the new cannon which was to play so important a part in this day's proceedings.

'Just guard the prisoner, will you, Lucy?' said Tom, as he rose from the judgment-seat.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

to come rushing up at the last minute with a pardon, or something of that sort.'

Cherry's words were reassuring, and Joan's face cleared up, and her doubts vanished. Indeed, it was very seldom that either of the little girls objected to any plan of Tom's; he was their only brother, and all that he did was right in their eyes; and Tom, for his part, though he certainly tyrannised over his sisters now and then, was always kind and generous to them, and his holidays were longed for as times of unmixed delight.

He could invent such delightful games; and whatever he did, whether carpentering, fishing, or gardening, he liked his sisters to do the same, so that the four were always together, and always good friends.

'Be careful no rescue is attempted; and Cherry, you write so neatly, you must print Sarah's sentence on a sheet of paper; it is to be fastened to the stake she is tied to. I will run to the house for the cannon. Now, look sharp, girls, it will be twelve directly, and then——' and off ran Tom, and by-and-by returned with the cannon in one hand, and in the other a little tin canister of gunpowder.

'I've forgotten a light after all,' said Tom, as he joined the group, 'and I cannot go fidgeting with a flint and steel; it would be cruel to keep the prisoner waiting in that way. (There were no lucifer matches in those days, I must remind the reader.) 'Run, Joan, and ask for a light in the lantern. Cook is in a very good temper, for a wonder, and she'll be sure to let you have it.'

Joan obediently ran off, and soon returned with the lighted lantern, and found, to her dismay, that things were looking very bad indeed for poor Sarah.

Tom had placed the prisoner on a wooden box, and had tied her to a branch of a tree, to which also was fastened, as a sort of dismal flag, the sheet of paper with her sentence neatly printed in Cherry's best handwriting. The cannon, charged to the very muzzle, was right in front of the doll, and Tom, looking 'really as if he meant it,' thought Joan, stood by with some touch-paper tied to a stick, only waiting for Joan and the candle to carry out the terrible sentence.

There was certainly no hope of Cherry or Lucy bringing a pardon, as both were there; Lucy, half frightened, half curious, was peeping over the paling of the lodge, and Cherry was looking eagerly on—so much so that Tom had to put out his arm to hold her back, for he had promised Mother to keep his sisters well out of the way of the gunpowder.

'That's a good girl, Joan,' cried Tom. 'Just let me light the paper, and then go and stand by Cherry. Now then—listen! the clock is just going to strike twelve; we must all count it, and when it has finished I will give Sarah one moment's grace, and then—— Now, silence, and listen!'

The children stood quiet for half a minute, and then came the odd, whirring noise that the stable clock always made just before it struck.

One—two—three—four; the children all counted the strokes, and when twelve sounded, Tom raised the lighted paper, and in another minute—but we cannot say what he would have done, for, to the awe and excitement of the children, the clock did not stop at twelve, but actually struck 'thirteen!' There was no mistake about it, for all the children had been counting the strokes.

'Saved!' cried Tom, excitedly, as he snatched up Sarah, and threw her into Joan's outstretched arms. 'The sentence was that she was to be blown from the gun when the clock struck twelve, and as for some wonderful and mysterious reason (did Tom's eyes twinkle here? Cherry half thought they did) the clock had struck thirteen, the Court has no other course to take than to pardon the prisoner. Stand back, girls! I must fire off the cannon as a sign of rejoicing in the prisoner's escape.'

Bang! went the cannon, as he finished speaking, and Joan hugged Sarah tightly, feeling oh, so thankful, that she was not in front of that dreadful gun.

'I told you Tom would manage,' said Cherry, triumphantly, 'but I can't think how he did it—it was magic of some sort, I am sure. Tom, do tell us how you made the clock strike one more? I am sure you did it!'

'Then you're wrong, Miss Cherry,' said Tom, nodding his curly head. 'I promise you I never even touched the clock.'

'Oh, Tom! was it fairies then?' said Lucy, in an awe-struck voice.

* * * * * *

It remained a mystery for a long, long time, till one day when Cherry coaxed Tom to tell her all about it.

'Of course, I wouldn't really blow up little Joan's doll,' said Tom; 'so I told old John to get up on the ladder to the stable clock, and when it had struck twelve, to move the hands quickly round to one, and that made the thirteen, you know, for, of course, it struck one.'

'Oh, yes! I see,' said Cherry; 'but how clever of you to think of it, Tom!'

'No, it wasn't clever,' said Tom, honestly; 'for I read in a book of a man who was let off because the clock struck thirteen.'

'Well, then, it was clever of you to remember it,' said Cherry, stoutly.

Tom laughed. Cherry's admiration was, even in his sight, so very outspoken. 'It's very jolly having sisters,' he said.

What boy is not proud to be called manly? 'A manly fellow!' And how many boys become so? Well, the unreliable boy, the boy who is never to be depended upon, is never looked upon as a 'manly' boy. It is the one who may be 'trusted.' A learned man once said, 'Till we understand that there is something due from us, till the sense of duty is awakened, we have no freedom, we are not even in the way to become men.'—Selected.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Mission Land Song.

(By E.A.K., in 'Heathen Children's Friend.')

Sing a song of children,
Happy as can be,
Working for the missionaries
Over 'cross the sea;
Yes, and for the wee ones,
Unloved and alone,
Who are bowing down to idols
Made of wood and stone.
Sing about the mission bands,
O let your voices ring!
For little hands and hearts are joined
In service to our King.

Bob and Mary.

A little girl named Mary fell and broke her arm and had to keep in bed for a long while. Her playmates came to see her, and often brought her beautiful flowers, of which she was very fond.

There was something else, too, that Mary loved dearly; and that was her dog Bob. He noticed how happy the flowers always made her, so he thought he would give her a bouquet. Away he went into the garden, and plucked a mouthful of laurel leaves. Then he hurried back to Mary, put his forepaws on her bed, dropped the leaves, saying as plainly as any dog could, 'Don't you think my flowers are pretty, too?' —'Our Four-footed Friends.'

Morning Prayer.

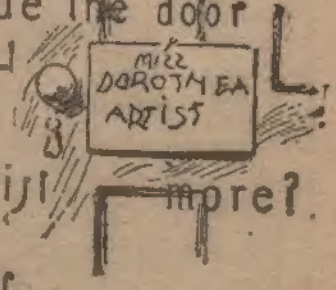
May I this day my Lord obey,
Be true, obedient, kind and sweet,
Attend to what my parents say,
On errands run with willing feet.
I thank the Lord for happy rest;
I know He sends me what is best;
And if I sleep or if I wake,
I all things ask for Jesus' sake.

Amen.

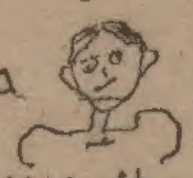
The Artist.

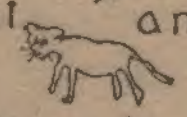
She says she is an Artist.
This little Dorothea.
I'm sure you'd never doubt it
If you could only see
her.

Her studio is my room
And pinned outside the door
You'll find her Sign—
so business like
What would an Artist
more?



Her models? They are various.

Mamma  Papa and Jack

She draws the cat  and all her dolls

Of models there's no lack

She made a sketch of Me once.
I'll show it here to you.

Do you think that you would know Me
From the
picture
that
she
drew?

—'Youth's Companion.'

Keep Safe.

(By Edgar L. Vincent, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'I just can't go a bit farther, Bennie! It's so dark! You can't tell when something'll jump right out after you! If I were you I would go back myself! Why don't you?'

Sam had halted in the road and held fast to the arm of his little friend, trying to pull him back toward the little cottage which stood on the edge of the wood over which the shadows were falling. The wind blew hard and a few drops of rain came down on the cheek of Bennie as he looked up into the sky.

'Why, I can't go back, Sam! Here's father's supper in this pail. You know he's down there burning lime. He's got to stay there all night. This is his night to do that. If I shouldn't go, he wouldn't have a bit of anything to eat all night!'

Sammie tightened his grasp on Bennie's arm when he thought about that side of it, but he again said with a tear or two in his eyes:

'Well, I'd like to go, Bennie; but it's so dark! I don't know the way as well as you do! Would you be awfully afraid to go alone?'

Bennie thought a long time about that. There was indeed something about the darkness that he did not really like. Something that made the chills creep up a boy's back when he looked back over his shoulder.

And yet, mother said there was nothing to hurt a boy in the darkness any more than there was in the light, and did not mother know? He wasn't afraid! He would not look back over his shoulder, not once! So he told Sam to go back and he would take the supper pail on to father all alone!

How Sam did run all the way home that night! It seemed to him that every shadow had a giant behind it. Perhaps that was because he knew he had not been just kind to Bennie. He knew he ought to have gone on to the limekilns with him. That would have kept them both from being lonely.

For a time Bennie ran as fast as he could so that he might reach the kilns before it was really dark. Then he came to a walk as he thought:

'Jesus won't let me be afraid! He used to go out in the night sometimes! He knows just how a boy feels. I'm going to think that He'll take the best kind of care of me!'

Then it went better for a long time. But when the wind began to blow harder and sweep the dry leaves down from the trees along the road into his face and the wood looked blacker and blacker, Bennie had hard work to be still in his heart.

And especially when there surely did come up out of a path straight toward him the figure of a man, for a moment he stopped and wondered if he should turn and hurry homeward. But when he heard the man whistling a sweet tune he grew brave again. That was a tune he knew. It did not seem as if anyone

would whistle that if he were a bad man.

Just then a voice called to him:

'Hello, little man! All alone to-night? Aren't you lonesome? Come on here! We'll go together and you shall keep me company and I will you!'

Into the hand held out to him Bennie slipped his own, a glad joy coming into his heart.

'You aren't going to the kilns, are you? I am. I have father's supper here and he is waiting for me! I'd just like to go along with you.'

'Just where I'm going, little man! I know your father and if you could see my face you would know me.'

Bennie tried to look up into the face of the man whose strong hand was holding his.

'You are not He, Jesus, are you? Course I know that! But I'm sure He sent you! 'Cause I asked Him to keep me, and He is doing it!'

So a new trust came into Bennie's life. Nothing could harm a boy that knew Jesus was watching over him even through the dark woods on the way to the lime-kilns!

On the Wrong Side.

(By M. B. Manwell.)

'My mother knows!' said Darky wisely. It was quite enough for him that his mother knew.

'Oh, but I'd like to see for myself,' insisted Snowy. 'And why shouldn't I?'

'Because I wouldn't, if I were you,' advised Darky.

'Don't stray away, my child!' cautioned mother, who was lying down, for the sun had left off playing bo-peep, and was shining with all his might, so there was no fear of rain.

Snowy said nothing. Perhaps he did not hear; perhaps he did not heed. What a fine, smooth place for a game, if we could only get across, he thought. But there was the brook to cross, and Snowy had no acquaintance with water; he drew his foot back quickly when it touched the cold, shining mystery. Then, he set forth to stagger along the bank by himself, for Darky had timidly sheered up alongside of his mother.

'Silly frightened thing!' scornfully said the adventurer, feeling quite a man of the world as he glanced back once at the peaceful group. On and on he staggered until, to his surprise, he suddenly lost the brook. It had gone out of sight under the meadow-grass; so Snowy had plenty of room, now, to skip and tumble and pick himself up again. Oh, what fun it was, to be sure! How tame it must be for Darky over yonder between the sedate old folk. At last, for he was only a day old, Snowy grew tired and hungry; his unmanageable legs bent again and again with sheer weariness.

'I want to go home!' he suddenly said. He wanted his soft, warm, woolly mother all at once and badly. That is how all wanderers feel; they want to get home, when they had quite enough of freedom's delights. Then, in the still, clear air, there came a sound from far away which made Snowy hurriedly stagger up on his feet. It was his mother's voice. She had discovered that her lamb was missing, and she was calling, calling for him.

'Ma-a!' feebly shouted Snowy in answer, and he stumbled along on his return. But the way back from wrong-doing is different from the way forward; it is twice as long, twice as difficult. How many times the weak little wayfarer fell one could not count, but he still struggled on. At length, he could see mother, and Darky too, pressing close to his mother, wise little lamb. At the sight, Snowy broke into a frantic trot. Oh, the joy to meet mother again. But—but the joy sank into consternation, for Snowy found himself on the wrong side of the little brook, which separated him from mother and from Darky. He had come back on the opposite side of the stream—the wrong side. He was stranded on the tiny wall, and there he stood bleating disconsolately. Her child was cut off, to the wild distress of his mother, and she lifted up her voice in mournful lamentations, in which Darky and his mother vociferously joined, with neighborly sympathy.

To be parted was distracting. Bitterly did the frightened Snowy regret his folly in neglecting his mother's caution and his wise little friend's advice.

He would be left to die, he supposed, on that dreadful wall which, in his day-old eyes, was mountain-high, while the tiny watercourse looked a river, for, when we are small and weak and young, all things as well as all joys and sorrows are magnified beyond their actual size.

As for the mother sheep she was at her wits' end, not that sheep possess much wit to speak of. But any mother bereft of her child becomes desperate. Bleating dolorously she would have ventured to cross the streamlet, but how to climb the little wall was altogether beyond her ken.

As far as the eye could reach over the downs nothing living, but sheep, was in sight—no help was nigh. Matters were serious, indeed. The cries of the separated mother and child grew shriller, more heart-rending, those of Snowy saying plainly enough, 'I am sorry, sorry for my naughty disobedience!'

It is when we say out loud that we sincerely repent us that help is certain to come. A loud, cheery whistle pierced through the sorrowful bleatings, and Snowy, turning his head, saw a short figure, with its limbs wind-milling round as it came tearing along the meadow. It was Robbie the farm-boy, who was a son of the old shepherd. Of course, Robbie saw the situation at a glance.

'Howsumever a teeny-weeny thing like you got up there, I'd like to know. But, come along!' The boy reached up, and gently gathered the trembling, long-legged lamb in his strong arms and splashed through the tiny brook with his burden to deposit the little wanderer by his enraptured mother's side.

After that, for doing kindly actions was all in the day's work with good-hearted Robbie, he trudged away whistling more loudly than ever.

As for Snowy and his mother, there never, surely, was a warmer welcome vouchsafed to a truant.

By-and-by, when the sun went down and the sheep were safely folded for the night, this little one, who was lost and was found, nestled close and warm beside his own mother, feeling inclined to tell himself, between sleeping and waking, that his naughty adventure had been but an ugly dream.—Source Unknown.

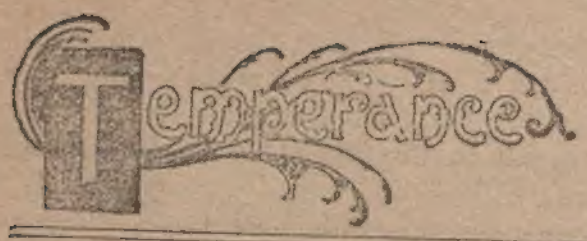
Alphabet of Summer.

(By Mrs. J. M. Dana, in 'Intelligencer.')

A is for the Apple-blossoms,
Coming with the spring.
B is for the Buttercups
The merry May will bring.
C is for the Crocus buds,
Pushing through the mold.
D is for the Dandelions,
With their crowns of gold.
E is for the Elder-blooms,
White as driven snow.
F is for the Flower-de-luce,
That 'mid the rushes grow.
G is for the meadow Grasses,
Waving everywhere.
I is for the idle hours,
Spent in gathering posies.
J is for the lovely June,
With her wreath of roses.
L is for the Lily pads,
Floating in the water.
M is for the Morning-glories,
Flowering high and low.
N is for the downy nests
Where the birdies grow.
O is for the Orioles gay,
Singing loud and sweet.
P is for the Poppy-heads,
Flashing through the wheat.
Q is for the Quinces, hanging
Golden in the sun.
R is for the Rills,
Laughing as they run.
S is for the Silver glory
Of the harvest moon,
T is for the Tender light
Of Nature's afternoon.
U is for the Underbrush
Where hazelnuts are browning.
V is for the lucious vines,
With their purple crowning.
W is for the Woodbine, when
The green and golden blend,
X is for the Exodus
Of robins and of wrens.
Y is for the Yellow leaves
That set the woods aglow.
Z is for the gentle Zephyrs
Vanished long ago.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.



Which?

(By Minnie Pike, in the 'War Cry.')

I laid my boy in the coffin,
I closed his sweet blue eyes,
I folded the hands so snowy,
As the flower that in them lies;
With a heart that was almost broken,
I gazed on that little face;
Farewell! On a brighter to-morrow
I shall meet him, by God's grace.

But what of that other mother,
Whose boy is strong and tall?
She has seen him grow to manhood—
He was her joy, her all.
To-night, as she prays by her bedside,
He revels with comrades fine;
When he staggers home drunk in the morning,
Whose heart will ache most, hers or mine?

Away in the graveyard yonder,
In a cold and narrow bed,
They had laid my little daughter,
The birds sing o'er her head.
Ah! the day they took her from me,
And laid her 'neath the snow!
But I'll clasp her to my bosom
In the home where I mean to go.

And to-night there's another mother,
With a girl so bright and fair;
She has grown to be a woman,
'Neath a mother's love and prayer.
She's the belle of balls and parties,
The brightest of all to shine;
If mother sees her go, 'not ready,'
Whose heart will ache most, hers or mine?

Oh, ye who bend over small coffins,
And treasure bright curls of fair hair,
Think not that your hearts are the saddest,
Or your cross the hardest to bear!
For in the bright fields of fair Eden,
Your flowers are blooming above,
Go, pray for the drunkard and outcast,
Who once shared a dear mother's love.

The Effects of Alcoholism on Future Generations.

Medical schools of Charlottenburg and Paris have of recent years been devoting especial attention to the psychic reasons which underlie the craving for alcohol in certain human subjects, and have, as a result of experiments carried out in a regulated series of cases, come to the conclusion that those beings who come of stock which at any period in the ascending line given to the abuse of alcohol, are certainly not of the order of humanity which is to evolve the long-expected Superman. In other words, two highly respectable schools of medical thought and science practically assure the world that there is but a small permillionage of mankind that holds the power of transmitting greatness to posterity, and that their being able to do so depends upon their abstention from alcohol in all forms while they live.

According to the argument, all the really great men who have appeared upon the earth, like Caesar, Aristotle, Shakespeare and Napoleon, came from a select series of ancestors to whom the use of alcohol was practically unknown. The fact, it is argued, that Napoleon's father may have been a tippler, will not alter the case for our Superman, since the weakness of the father escaped the ecn by some unknown but none the less certain atavistic process, as in cases of epilepsy or insanity. It is held that by such a series of atavistic accidents, the taint of alcohol has 'skipped' every particular hereditary phase that goes to impress itself upon the ultimate issue, namely, the Superman, who thus comes into the world wholly free, in the matter of heredity, from the taint of alcohol.

The consequence of this is that he has a perfect Will, and herein lies his power over all other men who by accident of evolution from their forefathers, are, by far the greater part, of very imperfect will power. It does not matter if the Superman himself be a devotee of the bottle. He is provided with a perfect will, and only his progeny is likely to suffer from his abuse of strong drink.

Doctor George B. Cutten, the author of the 'Psychology of Alcoholism,' likewise discusses will power and the effects of alcohol upon it. Cutten disagrees with the view that there is such a thing as an especial area in the brain which 'telegraphs' the desired energy or motion to any particular part of the frame. On the contrary, he thinks that the human will is diffused over all the muscular parts of the body. In the course of evolution—especially where it is concerned with moral conduct—will was the latest comer, and as it is the latest and highest product of social development, and, consequently, the most complex, it is among the first activities to suffer injury and undergo dissolution, according to the rule: 'Last to come, is first to go; first to go is most to go. First to come is last to go; last to go is least to go.'

Alcohol, as is well known, creates an artificial energy which lasts but a short while. A time eventually comes, however, when it ceases to exist. This is the 'confirmed' stage of alcoholism, in which the mind loses its direction, its sense of proportion and self control, its grasp of even ordinary affairs, and energy ceases even in the simplest bodily movements, such as writing or speaking.

According to the new schools the effects of alcoholism travel down to countless generations, producing, in more or less appreciable form, paralysis of the physical instrument, and consequently partial impotence of the psychical factor, of the will. Greatness, in its real sense, is therefore impossible in the offspring of alcoholic persons, unless by a series of accidents which can only occur in a long cycle of years—which is practically telling us, seeing the extent to which alcohol is used, that the world is degenerating.—'World,' New York.

What Helps to Ruin Girls.

Of all the ten or twelve thousand unfortunate girls and wrecked women arrested every year in Chicago, among those who tell their woes to me, ninety-nine out of every hundred attribute their downfall to the first glass of wine or champagne taken generally with a male companion, always for good fellowship's sake.

That first glass is the beginning of the end, and here you see what the end is. When a woman once begins to drink, even in a social way, her future is threatened with either moral wickedness or utter ruin.

So many women who come here tell me that the first sparkling glass of champagne was the beginning of all their misfortune.—M. Keegan, Matron Police Department, Chicago.

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See advt. on Page 4.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Everybody.

The world is waiting for somebody
A deed of love to do;
Then up and hasten, everybody,
For everybody is you!
For everybody is you, my friend,
For everybody is you!
—'Waif.'

Thick Gingerbread.

Mix three-quarters of a pound flour, three-quarters of an ounce ground ginger, half ounce carbonate of soda, two ounces of shredded candied peel together; put two ounces butter and two ounces dripping into a saucepan to melt; add four ounces of brown sugar and half pound golden syrup, and allow sugar to dissolve over a gentle heat. Make a hole in the middle of the flour, and pour in sugar, butter and syrup. When it is partly mixed and slightly cooled, add two eggs and a little milk. The mixture should be just moist enough to run off the spoon. Bake in a deep tin for two hours. Cut into squares. This ginger-bread will keep for weeks in a covered tin.

A Minister's Clever Sisters.

The Rev. F. W. Macdonald, the secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, is very proud of his sisters. In talking to an American preacher some time ago he said:

'My eldest sister became the wife of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the artist; my second sister became the wife of Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy; my third sister is the wife of a great ironmaster in the West of England and a Member of Parliament; and my fourth sister is the mother of Rudyard Kipling.'

Believed in Being Kind.

She was not rich and she was not great,
And deepest sorrow had been her fate,
But she said, with a glance that was clear and straight,
'I believe in being kind!'

She had no wealth of a hoarded store,
But never a mendicant crossed her door
But he left with a heart and a soul less sore
This woman who e'er was kind.

The grey-haired dame who had laid away
Her costliest treasures beneath the clay,
Came to see life still held a hopeful ray
Through the woman whose heart was kind.

The child, a-tremble with timid dread,
Who by chance to her garden gate was led,
She won by a rose or a sweet word said,
This woman whose soul was kind.

So all she met came to hold her dear,
And covet her friendship and words of cheer,
And she said, at the end of her latest year,
'I believe in being kind!'
—Selected.

Soda and Cream of Tarter.

As the acid in lemon juice sets free carbon dioxide, in a large measure, upon contact with the soda, mixtures in which these agents are employed will not be very light, and their use is restricted to cakes in which a close texture is desirable. Add the lemon juice to the eggs and sugar and sift the soda into the flour.

Sour milk, buttermilk, or cream with soda are most successfully used in mixtures in which cornmeal predominates. Such preparations are incomparably moister, more tender and delicate, when the leavening gas is thus generated, than when cream-of-tartar in any form is used as the generating acid.

In wheat-flour mixtures, when pure cream-of-tartar and soda are used, either in bulk or in the form of baking-powder, if the correct proportions be taken and the proper temperature of the oven be secured, the cooked product will be neither dry nor too porous. If such be the case, you have reason to suspect the presence of some other ingredient, or, in other words, an adulteration of the lightening agent.

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Happy-hearted People.

It is said that every hearty laugh in which a man or woman indulges tends to prolong life, as it makes the blood move more rapidly and gives a new and different stimulus to all the organs of the body from what is in force at other times. Therefore, perhaps, the saying, 'Laugh, and grow fat,' is not an exaggerated one, but has a foundation in fact. No truer words were ever uttered than those which state so clearly: 'Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone.' The jolly, wholesome, happy-hearted people are those who have most friends and see the best that life holds out to them.—'Churchman.'

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Money Refunded if Unsatisfactory.

The "Lilian," 89 Cents

This is made of an extra good quality lustrous imported English sateen, with the richness of a satin. It is cut very full and made with deep stitched accordeon-pleated flounce finished with two frills, trimmed with strappings and stitchings. Dust ruffle.

The "Gladys," 69 Cents

And this one of fine quality mercerized sateen, deep rich black, made with a twelve-inch flounce, trimmed with strappings and stitchings, deep accordeon-pleated frill, finished with narrow gathered frill. The dust ruffle is the full depth of pleating.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA